

AN EXCURSION HORROR.

A Pier, with Seven Hundred People on It, Given Away—Lovers' Deaths—Some Bodies So Far Recovered—An Indescribable Scene of Terror in Partial Darkness.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 24, 1883. A terrible calamity occurred at North Tivoli, an excursion resort on the Patapsco, ten miles from this city, about 10 o'clock last night, by which many lives were lost, the number being estimated between sixty and seventy. The accident was occasioned by the giving away of the outer portion of the pier, on which several hundred persons were congregated awaiting a boat to return to this city.

The locality is in a small bay district, about two miles from North Point Light-house. It was formerly known as Holly Grove, and was the first regular excursion place fitted up near the city, about fifteen years ago, and was the most popular resort at that time and for several years afterward. Yesterday an excursion was given to Tivoli under the management of the Mount Royal Beneficial Society of the Catholic Church of Corpus Christi, of which Father Starr is pastor, Mount Royal avenue and Mosher street.

The excursion went down on the barge Cockade City, which was towed by the tug Amanda Powell. The barge was formerly an old canal boat, which had been fitted up with several decks for excursion purposes, and used as such for several years. Yesterday she made three trips, the last being made from this city between 6 and 7 o'clock last evening, and reached Tivoli before 10 o'clock.

During the day she had taken down about five hundred persons, and on her last trip about one hundred. A large number of those who went down during the day had remained, intending to return on the last trip. When the barge approached the shore on the shore made a rush for the end of the wharf, which is several hundred feet long, and were closely packed together at the gate, about twenty-five feet from the end, impatiently awaiting admittance through the gate. As the barge came alongside and struck the wharf it suddenly and without warning gave way, and a large portion of the crowd was precipitated into the water, which is about ten feet deep. Many were able to save themselves by floating toward the shore as the outer end of the pier crumbled and fell. Darkness added to the confusion and terror, and little could be done at once to rescue the drowning, most of whom were women and children. The first news of the disaster reached this city a little after 2 o'clock this morning, when the barge landed at Henderson's wharf, bringing a number of the bodies of the drowned.

Up to noon sixty-five bodies had been brought to the city. All except four have been identified. The following is a list, with ages, so far as ascertained. It will be seen that a greater proportion were young ladies and children.

John McAnny, Mrs. John McAnny and infant, Mrs. Crouch and two children, Katie and Lena; Mrs. Thomas McLaughlin and three children, Katie, Mary and John, aged thirteen; Margaret McLaughlin, aged three; Rebecca Erman and daughter Belle, aged sixteen; Miss Mary Burns, Miss Kate Colbert, Miss Laura Swearer, Maggie Thompson, Maggie Burns, Wilhelmina Wilkes, Agnes Feltman, Mary Feltman, Mary McGahan, Mary Spies, aged eighteen; Rosa McBride, Maggie Lynch, aged ten; Mary Lynch, aged twenty; Mary and Jennie Carey, sisters, aged twenty and twenty-two; Minnie Klinefelter, aged eleven; Margaret McLaughlin, aged thirty; Bridget Gaffey, aged twenty-eight; Winfield Gaffey, aged twenty-one; Minnie O'Neill, aged three; Fannie Le Maria, Mary Lindburg, two sisters named Farr, Annie Owens, Annie Murray, aged thirteen and seventeen; Olivia Scull, an infant; Mary Hamill, aged eighteen; Alice Ryan, Johanna O'Connell, Mary Giblin, Elizabeth Connors, aged twenty-two; Annie Miller, aged twenty-three; Elizabeth Bockman, aged sixty and a daughter, Elizabeth, aged nineteen; Patrick Ryan, aged thirty-eight; James Owens, W. A. P. Jacobs, Thomas S. Moreman, Daniel Gibson, infant, Albert Ross, aged forty; Jesse Sumwalt, Henry Tomlinson, Wm. Garner, aged eighteen; Bernard Gately, Edward Calahan and Annie Weidel.

They resided in almost every section of the city, being members of Catholic churches in different localities. Soon after the bodies had been deposited on the wharf the barge went back to Tivoli, and before seven o'clock this morning had returned to Henderson's wharf with her second load of dead, numbering about seventy. By this time the news of the calamity had spread throughout the city, and thousands gathered at the wharf and in the vicinity.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 24 4 p. m. Up to this hour the number of bodies recovered at Tivoli is sixty-six. It is estimated that the loss will reach between ninety and one hundred. The city authorities have taken action looking to the burial of those victims whose relatives are too poor to provide it themselves.

The Sun, in an extra issue after 1 o'clock, says: "The boat had made three trips to Tivoli. The morning boat took down one hundred, the 2 o'clock boat two hundred and the 6 o'clock boat seventy. The latter boat reached the pier at 8:20, and prepared to take all hands back to the city at once, as requested by Father Starr. The excursionists, knowing this was the only boat, dashed toward the pier until they were stopped by the gate near the steamer. Some youths tried to climb over the gate, and a man and boy seated themselves on the rail, with their legs hanging. A too sudden movement caused the rail to break, and the two were thrown into the water.

A commotion followed, and there was a sudden crash and a chorus of shrieks. Splinters flew in every direction, and about two hundred people were struggling among the broken timbers in eight feet of water. The noise and cries were so loud that watermen heard them two miles away. Those who witnessed the scene say that it was sickening. The moon had gone down, and the only light was that shed by two feeble coal-oil lamps. Some rescuers took barge lanterns and set them on the wharf. Two of them exploded, and added fresh terror to the scene. Those on the decks of the barge threw life-preservers, stools, and benches into the water. These struck a great many and knocked them insensible; others fell down planks and ropes. Indescribable hopelessness and terror reigned. Shrieks, cries, groans, cries, "God forgive us," and heart-rending prayers for help.

Those males drowned were trying to help women and children. After the confusion a huge fire was built on the shore for those who had been saved, and their clothes were soon drying. Dredging for bodies then commenced. Twenty-eight bodies were found up to ten o'clock, when Father Starr took upon himself the responsibility of ordering the boat up to Baltimore, and it came up, and went back at daybreak.

The bodies at the Eastern Police Station were identified this afternoon as those of Alfred Burgan, aged eighteen, and Miss Kate Ives, aged twenty-eight; and the two children of John McAnny, leaving alive but one of that family, a little boy of six years, who was rescued. The bodies of two more children are said to have been found, but only one of them, the child of Bernard McGahan, has reached the city. At 8 o'clock this evening Coroner Morfit began an inquest, at which Father Starr, pastor of the Church of Corpus Christi, was present.

VERDICT OF THE JURY. Following is the verdict: "We find that Louisa Swearer and others came to their deaths by drowning, by the breaking of the bridge at Tivoli on the night of July 23 and that the authorities of the place did not use proper care and precaution to prevent the occurrence."

He Made His Will.

It was in an Idaho mining camp and we will call his name Spooner. Spooner was a good miner when sober, an unmitigated nuisance when drunk. He had been on many sprees in camp—we will call it "Spooner's Run"—and his credit was exhausted. It was previous to state the fact, but Spooner was not very conscientious about settling his whisky bills, so the gentlemen who dealt in tangle-leg had learned to give him the cold shoulder. One morning he said to his employer: "Joe," said he, "I think there must be a letter for me at the postoffice; and I would like to 'lay off' to-day and go down to camp for it." "All right," was Joe's response, "only I can see in your eye you mean to get drunk. If you do and come back here I will have you thrown down the Midas shaft." The Midas shaft was two hundred feet deep in solid porphyry. Spooner went away and made the round of the saloons. He had no collateral, and he knew his credit was under a cloud too dense to be lifted by any legitimate lever. At last he stroled into the store of the principal trader—we will call his name Ketchum—and mildly said: "Ketchum, when you can spare me a few minutes' time, I want to see you." "All right," was Ketchum's reply, "I want to tell you, I said Spooner, solemnly, 'that though I look rugged, the doctors tell me I have an incurable heart disease; that while I may live for several months, I may at any time be seized with a fatal spasm, especially if I become excited, and I want you to write my will. Wonderingly Ketchum asked: "What in the world have you to dispose of?" "I have a few things," said Spooner, sadly; "won't you do little thing like that for an old friend?" "Certainly," said Ketchum, and going to his desk, he drew out a sheet of foolscap and commenced to write as follows: "I, Moses Spooner, of so-and-so, being of infirm body but of sound mind, do, etc." "Now about the property," said Ketchum. Spooner waited a moment, until he could properly control himself, then said: "I desire that my one-half interest in the Big Fissure be sold and the proceeds, after all debts and charges are paid, be sent to my old mother, Patience Spooner, in Pike County, Missouri." Ketchum put it down. Spooner continued: "My undivided one-third interest in the Lane Duck I wish to have sold, and after paying \$1,000 to your head clerk, Jones (he is a friend of mine), send the rest to my mother, with instructions that it be paid to Missouri Price, also of Pike." Then, with increasing emotion, he added: "So you would before this have been my wife, but I could not think of making the dear girl my nurse." Spooner continued to dispose of his property, and finally said: "That is all except \$8,000 which I have in the bank at Salt Lake City. Put down \$5,000 to your little daughter, Nellie, Mr. Ketchum, the other \$3,000 to yourself. Also add that I appoint you and your clerk Jones, my executors, to serve without bonds." Then he went off by himself, took a seat on a barrel, and for some moments buried his face in his hands. Ketchum called Jones to the desk, had him copy on legal cap the will in a neat, clerical hand, called up Spooner and two witnesses, had the will signed, sealed and witnessed, folded the paper, placed it in a large envelope, had the envelope properly superscribed and laid away carefully in the safe. Then said Ketchum: "Spooner, let us take a little drink for old friendship sake." "I cannot," said Spooner. "You know my weakness. The doctors say one drink might kill me, and a protracted spree would be sure to." A light shone in Ketchum's eyes. The doctors be bluffed," said he. "One drink would not hurt any man. You are low-spirited this morning, Spooner, come and brace up. After the necessary resistance Spooner yielded and got outside of a ousher. How is that asked Ketchum. Spooner admitted that he felt no bad effects, that, indeed, it made him better. He took another. He kept taking them. He drank all day and night at intervals. Ketchum and Jones alternated in supplying him. He kept on for two weeks, but no symptoms of the fatal spasm manifested itself. At last one afternoon he lay prone asleep on some boot boxes when a physician came in. Ketchum asked the man of science to examine him and see if he had any symptoms of heart trouble. The doctor complied. He felt his wrist; put his ear to his breast; felt his wrist again and said: "He has a heart like an ox; it is beating like a triphammer and as regular as the stroke of a steam-engine." Spooner was kicked up his account. It amounted to \$308. Next morning Spooner came in with his nerves on edge, and wanted a drink. He was kicked out again. The next day he was raving with delirium tremens, and the men about town commenced Ketchum to send him with a nurse and physician down to the springs, twenty miles away. That day Joe—the owner of the mine, came down town, and Ketchum tremblingly inquired how much was due to Spooner on the books of the mining company. "Its the other way," said Joe; "I bought him a suit of clothes, paid a back board bill in Salt Lake, and paid his way up here, and he still owes me something like \$40." Spooner recovered, but he gets no more accommodations of Ketchum, and when any man asks Ketchum now to write up his will, he drops all other business, picks up a pick handle, and his eyes take on a dangerous glare. It may be a little obscure, but there is a moral in the above story.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Maud, the little sixteen-months-old daughter of Mr. John Lennon, of this city, fell upon the floor and stuck the point of a tack into her forehead. The matter caused no uneasiness at the time, but the child has continued to get worse each day since, and finally the wound developed symptoms of blood poisoning which grew more dangerous in character until she expired in convulsions. The severe and sad results from such a trifling wound is something very unusual in the experience of physicians in this locality.—Lockport (N. Y.) News.

An enterprising Californian has undertaken to start a colony of monkeys in Union Island, near Stockton. He should christen the establishment Dadeburg.—Chicago Herald.

Lambs For the Early Market.

Farmers who have kept sheep for years now declare their intention of selling their flocks. This is in the belief that the reduction of the duties on wool will make sheep-keeping unprofitable. They fear that the change already made will be followed by yet further lowering of the tariff on wool. For this fear they will find some reason in the remark of Hon. A. M. Garland, President of the National Wool-Growers' Association, who says: "I see the necessity for all the pressure wool-growers can bring to retain what is left to them. There is greater probability of further reductions than some seem to suspect."

It may be that wool can still be grown profitably, even on lands near the great cities. It must be admitted that more land is cultivated than is well tilled in this as well in most other States. Would it not be better to let more land lie in pasture for sheep, even under the present prospects, than to wear out men, teams, and implements in scratching over eighty acres to get a forty-acre crop? The production of mutton has received comparatively little attention from farmers in the Western States, and the growing of lambs for the early market has not yet become a large industry near the large Western towns. Yet large, thrifty lambs have sold well in February, March, and April in Chicago at least, every year. There is no apparent reason for thinking they will not continue for years to do so, for the demand grows even more rapidly than does the supply. This is a branch of farming in which those at a distance could not compete with the farmer within a few hours' ride from town, because young lambs are too soft and tender to bear shipment any considerable distance. They soon shrink in weight, and their flesh quickly becomes dark, soft, and unattractive when dressed after a long ride in the cars. The Merino and its grades are seemingly the popular sheep in Northern Illinois. Whatever its merits may be, and they are undeniably great, its most ardent advocate will not claim the Merino is a good mutton animal. The question suggests itself, "Could not the raising of mutton, and of early lambs especially, be made a profitable branch of farming, leaving the price of wool out of the question, by those living within a few hours' travel from any large city?" In March and early April thrifty lambs sell for \$5 to \$8 each, a price which is surely great enough to pay all expenses and leave something more than the manure for profit.—Chicago Tribune.

Lawn Tennis.

It is about twenty years since the game of croquet began to come in vogue, and a few years after that it had become the great American outdoor game. It had the advantage of affording pleasant but not violent exercise; of giving opportunity for manual skill and intellectual ingenuity; of being a game at which ladies could play as well as men; of being easily comprehended, and easily adapted to any place; and last but not least, of being inexpensive. With such recommendations, it is no wonder that its popularity increased with years, and that it has held its place for a longer time than any other outdoor game at which both sexes could play.

For the last few years, however, it has been on the wane. A new and powerful rival has gradually been usurping its place, and now it is left almost entirely to children and to people in far-back rural districts, where the fascinating racket and the entangling net have not yet penetrated. Everybody that is anybody now plays lawn tennis. It is the fashion, it has certain advantages of its own, and it possesses the additional merit of being considerably more expensive than croquet. It requires a special dress, for the exercise is so violent that no young man's collar and shirt-front can stand the strain unwillfully, and the idea of a young lady's lifting her arms suddenly and skipping quickly about in ordinary dress is so absurd as not to need refutation. This special dress adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the game, and in many eyes constitutes its great charm. The fact that it cannot become "common" on account of its expense is greatly in its favor as a fashionable and aristocratic game. To real lovers of sport its attraction undoubtedly is great, because it affords opportunity for great quickness, dexterity, and judgment, and trains the eye, the hand, the foot, and, in fact, the whole body, as croquet or any other game can not do.

It seems probable, therefore, that all these causes combined will keep lawn tennis in favor for a long time. But old lovers of croquet may be permitted to doubt whether their favorite game will be eclipsed altogether by this formidable rival. It is less expensive, less tiresome, and calls for more headwork than lawn tennis, while in the manual skill required it scarcely yields the palm. There is room for them both, and when the first flush or enthusiasm over the newer game has disappeared we may expect to see them share the honors of the lawn.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Such an Awful Liar.

She was a little tot of seven summers and she lived at one of the most charming summer resorts in Westchester County, not far from New Rochelle. The other day, as she was passing one of the cottages, the mistress called her in and set before her a plate of strawberries and cream which made her eyes fairly sparkle with delight. After the last strawberry had disappeared, she turned to the hostess and exclaimed in a burst of childish confidence: "Oh, Mrs. —, mamma thers you are the sweetest lady what ever lived." "Are you sure she said this Lillie?" inquired the hostess. "Well, ma'am, I'm pretty thure. But then, you know, mamma says I'm such an awful liar that she never believes me."—N. Y. Star.

If every one had the same idea of what constitutes "a good time," what a monotonous old world this would be. Now take the shady side of the street, go slow, eat lightly, skip alcoholic drinks, don't worry, hang on to your temper. It is not the weather that heats the blood half so much as the fuel, wet and dry, that a man puts into his stomach, or the exercise he gives his body and mind.—Bochester Democrat.

Was Into Oil.

"Now, then, what is it?" queried a New York broker as his daughter came tripping into the library. "Father, Charles Henry has asked me to marry him." "He has, eh? Wants to marry you, eh? Well, what are his prospects?" "He has \$40,000 up on a deal in oil. What answer shall I give him?" "None at all, my love—not just now. Wait and see how oil goes. If it goes booming, answer him yes. If it drops tell him that you have made up your mind that you can never be happy except with a husband who deals in railroad stocks. Never put yourself in a condition to be closed out.—Wall Street News.

Jay Gould—now here; we know there is such a man, we are confident we have seen his name in print some where about something; he was one of the injured in the Brooklyn bridge disaster or got squeezed or squeezed somebody; we don't recall how it is just now, but he's a newspaper correspondent or play actor or something. We know there is such a man, but we don't just exactly get on to his identity.—Burlington Hawkeye.

The season is now open—wide open—all along the Jersey seacoast from Sandy Hook to Cape May. Hotels and boarding houses have multiplied since last year, and the day is not far off when there will be towns and cities by the sea where there are now villages and settlements.—N. Y. Mail.

Hidesabro "aze, a Cornell University graduate of last year, has returned to Japan, his native country, after marrying a young lady of Indianapolis, and is employed at a salary of \$13,000 a year by the Japanese Government in its Agricultural Department.

The Toronto Globe says that the manufacturers of Canada have reached the stage of over production. They are already capable of producing more boots and shoes, woollens and cottons than can be marketed in Canada.

The Monroe (Ga.) Advertiser reports that people in that section have begun to dig pits near their residences for hiding places in case of a visitation by tornadoes.

If you experience bad taste in mouth, salivaceous or yellow color of skin, feel stupid and drowsy, appetite unsteady, frequent headache or dizziness, you are bilious, and nothing will arouse your liver to action and strengthen up your system equal to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

Some men are known by the company they can't get into.

A Bonanza Mine of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purge," to the merits of which as a remedy for female weakness and kindred affections thousands testify.

"I HAVE struck bed rock," said the tired baby when they put him in the cradle.

"Enjoy Your Life"

Is good philosophy, but to do so you must have health. If bilious and constipated, or blood is out of order, use Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purge," which will cleanse the mild, yet certain in their operation. Of all druggists.

The reason we are proud of summer is because pride goeth before a fall.—N. Y. Post.

HAY-FEVER. My brother Myron and myself were both cured of Catarrh and Hay-Fever last July and August by Ely's Cream Balm. Up to Dec. 28 these troubles have not returned. GABRIEL FERRIS, Spencer, N. Y.

Why do white sheep eat more than black sheep? Because there are more of them.

LEWIS, Iowa.—Dr. M. J. Davis says: "Brown's Iron Bitters gives the best of satisfaction to those who use it."

STANDS TO REASON.—A debater who won't sit down.

GARFIELD, Iowa.—Dr. A. T. Henak says: "Once using Brown's Iron Bitters proves its superiority over all other tonic preparations."

The farmer should be a man able to talk on anything that comes up.—N. O. Picayune.

HAY-FEVER. I was afflicted for twenty years with Hay-Fever. I used Ely's Cream Balm with favorable results, and can recommend it to all. ROBERT W. TOWNLEY, (ex-Mayor) Elizabeth, N. J.

"ANYTIME" is the name of a post-office in Kentucky.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, July 23, 1883.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common \$2 25 @ 3 25
Choice butchers..... 4 50 @ 5 25
HOGS—Common..... 40 @ 5 25
Good packers..... 5 25 @ 5 70
SHEEP..... 3 75 @ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 1..... 1 12 @ 1 15
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red..... 1 12 @ 1 15
No. 2 winter red..... 1 08 @ 1 10
Oats—No. 2 mixed..... 35 @ 40
Rye—No. 2..... 50 @ 55
HAY—Timothy No. 1..... 10 50 @ 11 50
HEMP—Double dressed..... 8 00 @ 9 00
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess..... 16 00 @ 17 00
Lard—Steam..... 8 50 @ 9 00
Butter—Family Reserve..... 30 @ 32
Prime Creamery..... 25 @ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—
Potatoes per barrel from store 2 15 @ 2 50
Apples, per barrel..... 4 00 @ 4 50
NEW YORK.
FLOUR—State and Western..... \$3 40 @ 4 00
Good to choice..... 4 50 @ 5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red..... 1 14 @ 1 15
No. 1 white..... 1 15 @ 1 16
Corn—No. 2 mixed..... 62 @ 64
Oats—mixed..... 30 @ 32
PORK—Mess..... 16 00 @ 17 00
FLOUR—State and Western..... \$3 50 @ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red..... 1 07 @ 1 08
Corn—No. 2..... 62 @ 64
Oats—No. 2..... 30 @ 32
Rye..... 57 @ 58
PORK—Mess..... 14 00 @ 14 10
Lard—Steam..... 9 00 @ 9 10
FLOUR—Family..... \$5 25 @ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red..... 1 14 @ 1 15
Corn—mixed..... 61 @ 62
Oats—mixed..... 30 @ 32
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess..... 16 50 @ 17 00
Lard—Refined..... 10 25 @ 10 50
LOUISVILLE.
FLOUR—No. 1..... \$4 25 @ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red..... 62 @ 64
Corn—mixed..... 62 @ 64
Oats—mixed..... 30 @ 32
PORK—Mess..... 15 50 @ 16 00
INDIANAPOLIS.
WHEAT—No. 2 red new..... \$1 05 @ 1 10
Corn—mixed..... 40 @ 42
OATS—No. 2..... 30 @ 32
LIVE STOCK—Cattle..... 2 75 @ 3 50
Butchers' stock..... 2 75 @ 3 50
Shipping cattle..... 5 25 @ 6 50

"Rough on rats." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation, &c.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions, &c. Buy a pair of Wells' Patent Rubber-soled shoes and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

Walmart Leaf Hair Restorer Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CHITTENTON, New York.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap Is a common remedy for skin diseases. Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

When is a man like a brick? When he is hard pressed.—Baltimore Every Saturday.

THE DANGER OF OVER-EXERCITION.

A Stalwart Man becomes Weaker Than a Child and Then Recovers His Former Strength.

(Waterloo, N. Y., Observer.)

In these days of rowing giants and athletic heroes, physical development is more observed than ever before since the time of the Athenian games. A man who shows the elements of physical power is looked up to far more than in the days of our ancestors possibly because there are fewer specimens of well-developed manhood than then. An emissary of this paper met a magnificent specimen of physical power a few days since in the person of Dr. A. W. McNamee, of Waterloo. His muscles, which showed unusual development, were as hard as wood. At his request the writer sought to pinch him in the arms or legs, but found it wholly impossible. A realization of what is meant by an iron man was fully made manifest.

"Have you always been so stalwart as this?" inquired the news gatherer. "Not by any means," was the reply. "When a young man I was always strong and active and felt that I could accomplish anything. This feeling so took possession of me on one occasion that I attempted to lift a box which four men found it impossible to move. I succeeded in placing it on the wagon, but in two minutes from that time I was unconscious and remained so for hours and when I recovered consciousness I vomited a large quantity of blood. From that day I began to grow weak and sickly. I believed that I had suffered some internal injury and experienced a general debility, which was similar to the symptoms produced by malaria. My back was very weak. I had no appetite, and at times loathed food. My lips were parched and cracked. My head felt as though it were entirely open at the top, and I was not in the least able to do any work. In six weeks' time I had fallen away from 208 pounds to less than 170. I was in a most wretched condition. I was completely discouraged."

"Did the doctors do anything about you?" "Almost everything. I consulted no less than six different physicians. They all treated me and none did me any good. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sit upright but was obliged to rest in a cramped, uneasy position. I was compelled to urinate every five minutes and I passed over three quarts every day. I was not living, I was existing."

"One night (how well I remember it!) my wife had put the children all in bed when the feeling came over me that I should live but a very short time. My wife and I talked matters all over and I gave the minutes directions as to what she should do. I was gone about five minutes, and when I returned I was not in a flighty condition by any means, for the doctor, on leaving town the day following, bade me good-bye, saying he never expected to see me again, for I was suffering with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages. Within the next few days more than twenty friends came to bid me good-bye. Among the number was Dr. John L. Clark. He asked me what I had used in the way of medicines. I told him. He then recommended a remedy of which I had heard much, but about which I was very skeptical. If faith were an element of power it certainly was lacking in my case."

"On the contrary, I did try it, and to my surprise it seemed to go to just the spot. Indeed, it was the most palatable thing I had taken into my mouth for months. I relished it."

"And did it cure you?" "Do I look as if it did?" "Yes, indeed. What was it?" "Warner's Safe Cure."

"A proprietary medicine?" "Of course. What of that? I suppose I once had as great a prejudice against advertised medicines as any one could have. When I was studying medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan, I used very many chemical tests, and the class that we would fight all such remedies at all times. When a man comes down to the last hour, however, and bids his wife and friends good-bye, such bigoted prejudices as these all vanish, I can assure you, and any remedy that can cure is gladly welcomed."

"And how have you been since then?" "As well—or better, than before."

"Do you still exert your strength?" "Certainly. But I do not over-exert, as formerly. My strength is increasing every day, and my health is number one. I know that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Cure, and I believe it is the best medicine that has ever compounded by any chemist or physician. I am willing the doctors should smear at me for such a statement if they choose, but I have proven its truth, and am prepared to stand by it."

The above experience should be of great value to all who are suffering. It shows the deceptive nature of this terrible malady; that all symptoms are common to it and that there is but one way by which it can be absolutely avoided.

The distance between New York and Brooklyn is only a span.

WHEAT GERMAN ANKER. FIFTY barrels to each lot, delivered to the consignee at 1011 CHEW, St. Louis, Mo.

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